

Maria Beall



VOLUME IV

Number 6



APRIL

HETUCK

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NEWARK, OHIO



NEW PHONE NO. 224

HETUCK

VOL. IV

NEWARK, OHIO, APRIL, 1904

No. 6

THE BROKEN PITCHER---From the German.

HELEN YOUNG '06

Indeed, La Napoule is only a very small place on the Bay of Cannes, but, in spite of this fact, there is no place better known in the entire province. It lies in the shade of tall, evergreen palms and dark orange trees. But it is not this fact alone that makes it so famous, for it is said that the reddest grapes, the sweetest roses and the most beautiful girls are to be found there.

In La Napoule lived a little girl by the name of Marietta Manon, who was sweeter far than the grapes, the roses, and all the other girls. Her mother had formerly lived in Napoule, but had moved to Avignon when Marietta was only a very small child. At the time when her child was sixteen years old, she came into a small legacy, consisting of a small piece of land with a neat cottage between olive trees and African acacias. Such a legacy no widow could refuse. But it would have been much better for Marietta if she had never left Avignon.

Marietta had not been in her new home two weeks before every young man in Napoule knew where she lived. If she went through the village or walked down the aisle of the church all eyes were turned smilingly towards her in greeting. The pious people thought this a great offense and the young girls soon became very jealous of her. For, on her coming, the bridegrooms became cool, lovers left their sweethearts, faithful pledges were broken, and rings and gifts were returned to the givers. Not marriage, but separation was spoken of now. The parents mixed in the quarrels of their children and all said that Marietta was to blame. But she was so innocent and modest that she never suspected how much she was disliked and remained kind toward all. This touched the young men first and they at last convinced their elders and friends that Marietta was as innocent as a dove. For all who talked with her could not help loving her, and before half a year had passed she was loved by all.

Still we cannot say that Marietta had not an en-

emy, for Colin, the rich young renter and land owner, had no pity or tenderness in his heart for the poor child. One thing which made it more noticeable was that to all the other girls he was a veritable lady's man and they thought him the handsomest and best man under the sun. Indeed, he was very handsome with his manly form, his happy smile, his frank and open nature and his strong features. If the subject of conversation was turned toward Marietta in his presence he became silent as a stone. If he met her upon the street he turned pale with anger and threw really consuming glances at her. But Marietta paid no attention to him and would not look at him. If he sang or told a story she would talk and laugh merrily in order to confuse him, until he often broke off in the middle of a sentence and went away. Then Marietta went home, and instead of feeling any triumph over her victory, wept bitter tears of repentance.

The parson of La Napoule, Father Jerome, was an old man of seventy years and had but one failing—that of deafness. He preached only upon two texts, first, "The dispensations of Heaven are wonderful," and second, "Children love one another." Now, the children were very obedient, loved one another and hoped to one day see the beauties of Heaven. But Cohn, with his hard heart, cared nothing about them.

About this time there was a fair at Vence, a town not far from Napoule. Marietta and her mother were there with Colin at their heels, although they did not know it. At one of the booths the chief attraction was a pitcher of the finest and daintiest ware, with a beautiful picture of Adam, Eve and Paradise on the side. It was very beautiful and, on account of it, this booth was crowded all the time. Marietta and her mother were delighted with it and expressed the wish that it was their own. Some one inquired the price and on hearing the merchant say "one hundred Livres" all turned and went away.

But Colin had heard the price and after all had

An Invitation to the Girl Graduates

We invite you all in some morning to take a careful look over the sheen and beautiful fabrics suitable for your gowns and Commencement Dresses. Samples of anything you want. If you want any special fabric we will send to the manufacturer and get it for you without any extra charge.



The H. H. Griggs Company

gone went sneaking up and bought the pitcher, had it put in a box and took it away with him. On his way home he met James, the servant of the rich Judge Hautmartin. "James," said he, "I will give you a handsome tip, if you will take this box to Manon's house. If anyone asks for whom it is, say 'for Marietta,' but on no account betray the giver. If you do I will never forgive you." James promised and started on. Before reaching the house he met his master, the judge, who asked what he carried. Now James was quite a good man but very imprudent, and he replied, "For Marietta, but I cannot tell you from whom it comes."

"Why not?" inquired the judge.

"Because Colin would be mad at me forever if I did."

The judge smiled and said, "If you wish me to I will do your errand for you, as I am going to the Manon house tomorrow. It will save you the trip and give me a good excuse." James consented and the judge carried it home to his room and opened it. On finding that it contained the beautiful pitcher he concluded, in order to save Marietta from the gossip of the people, to acknowledge himself as the giver.

Accordingly, the next morning, he appeared at the Manon house with the box and said, "Nothing can be too beautiful or too costly for the beautiful Marietta. Allow me, dear child, to lay it and my loving heart at your feet." But Marietta, although she was delighted with the gift, turned to him and said, "I refuse both your gift and your heart, Judge Hautmartin." Then her mother flew into a rage and told her that she would compel her to take both the gift and the giver.

After Marietta had left the room, the old judge reassured the mother and said, "When she knows me better, then there will be no trouble. I prophesy that before three months have passed, I will glide into her loving heart."

Now, this old judge had a monstrous nose, a regular elephant beside a common-sized one, and Marietta, who was standing outside the door listening, turned away laughing, and whispered, "That is impossible; his nose is much too large."

But during the next three months Marietta had many other troubles. The pitcher caused her much sorrow. When it became known that the judge was the donor, the marriage was immediately arranged. It made little difference when Marietta solemnly

declared that she would rather have her body at the bottom of the bay than be his wife. The first vexation.

Marietta's mother had a cruel habit of forcing Marietta to carry the pitcher to the well every morning to fill with flowers. By this she tried to accustom her to it and the giver, but Marietta only hated them the more. Second vexation.

And then every morning she found a beautiful bunch of flowers at the well with a paper upon which was written the words, "Dear Marietta." Of course she could not believe otherwise than that the judge had laid them there.

The fourth vexation was worse than all for it was discovered in conversation with the judge that he was not the giver of the flowers. Who could it be? Marietta rose early and retired late in order to solve the mystery, but it seemed to be all in vain. One warm summer night she had been awakened and could not again go to sleep on account of the heat. So she sprang out of bed and went down to the spring to bathe her face, neck and arms. But when she came to the spot she found a young man lying in the shade of the rocks in sweet sleep. On going nearer she found it to be Colin, and saw in his hand a bunch of flowers wrapped with a piece of paper, upon which no doubt were the words, "Dear Marietta." At last she had solved the mystery. Colin was the giver of the flowers. But why should he give them? Ah, he hated her, and wished to tease her with them. He was a great deal more talkative, more kind and more pleasant to the other girls. Just think! He had never once asked her to dance with him and she danced just lovely. Now she determined to punish him. She tore the flowers to pieces and scattered them over him, but kept the paper as a proof of his hand-writing. She then tore the violet-colored silk ribbon from her hat and cautiously tied him with three knots fast to the palms. Then she left him and went to the cottage where her mother was calling her. But what else do you think she did? She wept bitterly when she thought of what she had done and thought she had been entirely too cruel toward poor Colin.

But what did Colin do? He took Marietta's ribbon, wrapped it proudly around his hat and wore it everywhere he went. Every one knew it immediately, and the jealous girls said, "She gave it to

him." But the young men who loved Marietta so well said, "The wretch has stolen it."

Judge Hautmartin came raging to Marietta's home and wanted to know why Mother Manon had permitted her daughter to do such an outrageous act. He said: "We must celebrate the wedding immediately, then I will have a right to speak to her." Mother Manon consented and told him she would arrange it. Said she: "We will take her by surprise. I will send her with a wreath to Father Jerome, who, as he is very deaf, could not tell if she did say 'no' at the altar. Then we will come a short time after and the wedding will soon be over."

The next morning Marietta on going to the well found Colin there with the flowers. He had not expected her so early and was consequently caught. He said, stammeringly, "Good morning, Marietta." But she turned on him and asked him why he wore her hat-band so openly and asked him to return it to her. He begged her to give it to him, but she would not. Then he did a mean trick. He wrapped it about the flowers and threw them angrily at the pitcher, knocking it off the rock and breaking it into a thousand pieces. Then he maliciously turned and went.

Mother Manon, standing at the window, saw and heard all. When she saw the pitcher fall she rushed out to Marietta and declared that he should pay its weight in gold for it. Accordingly, she took Marietta in one hand and the pieces of the pitcher in the other and went straight to the judge.

When he saw the tears of his bride he became very angry and called Colin before him. Colin acknowledged breaking the pitcher, but said he had broken it against his will. While the judge and Mother Manon were storming and arguing Colin went to Marietta and told her he did not think she had suffered so much as he had, for although he had broken her pitcher, she had broken his heart. He then said that he forgave her and asked her to forgive him. Before she could answer the judge commanded that Colin, as pay for the pitcher, should count out three hundred livres. This Colin refused to do, saying that when he bought it at Vence, he only paid one hundred for it. The old judge was astonished at the turn things were taking and denied it. On seeing James, the judge's servant, standing in the door, Colin called him as a witness. James confessed that Colin had given him the box

to take to Marietta, but that the judge had taken it from him. At this the judge promptly had him put out of the room and ordered Colin away until he should be called. Colin said when they wanted him to come to the Provost's at Grasse, as he was going there to accuse him of stealing his property. With these words he bade them good day.

The same day Colin went to the Provost's, as he had said he would do. Judge Hautmartin went to Mother Manon and soon convinced her that he was not guilty. He then went to the parson's and arranged for the wedding on the following morning, the aged parson understanding very little except that Marietta was to be married. The next morning Mother Manon sent Marietta with the wreath to the parsonage. On her way she met Colin and both walked silently along, he holding her hand fast in his own. When they had almost reached their destination Colin broke the silence by anxiously asking, "Have you forgiven me, Marietta?" She said nothing, but that he could keep her hat band and that she would keep the pieces of the pitcher. As they went into the door of the parsonage she said to him: "Dear Colin," and he bent down and kissed her hand. The parson now came to meet them, and, taking the bridal wreath from Marietta's hands laid it on her head and said, "Children, love another." Now, Father Jerome was under the impression that Colin was the bridegroom, and therefore, before they thought what he was doing, married them. At this time Marietta said, "Ah, I have long loved him, but he hates me."

"I hate you, Marietta?" cried Colin, "why I love you from my very soul, and have done so ever since you first came to La Napoule."

"Then why," said Marietta, "did you avoid me so and treat me so cruelly?"

"Because I could not stay in your presence without betraying my love," said he.

Then Marietta's head sank upon Colin's breast and his arms went around her. They forgot the parson and all the world in that first kiss.

But Mother Manon now came running up in order to delay the wedding of Marietta and the judge for she had just heard of the arrest of the judge. But she was more shocked than ever on seeing the newly married pair. At last Colin found words to express himself and he begged for her blessing. This she promptly gave when she learned that he was very

wealthy and could easily pay for the broken pitcher. To this day the pieces are preserved as a memorial relic in the home of Colin and Marietta.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

A Beautiful Pastoral Operetta by Public School Talent.

Every Monday evening for more than a month the classic walls of the High School Chapel have echoed to the sweet voices of children from the lower grades, who are rehearsing under Prof. Yeardley's direction, an operetta entitled "Little Bo-Peep," to be given at the Auditorium, April 29 and 30. About two hundred of the brightest and most talented pupils from all grades have been selected for the entertainment, and it bids fair to be the most gorgeous juvenile performance ever given in Newark. The operetta consists of "Mootheer Goose" characters and Peasant Lads and Lassies (pupils from 4th to 8th grades), who, in connection with a band of cute little Brownies (boys from 2d and 3d grades) and a bevy of sweet little Fairies (girls from 2d and 3d grades), enact a very charming May-day play. The story is told in song and pantomime, aided by all the spectacular appliances of Newark's up-to-date play house, the Auditorium.

Mr. Yardley desires to establish a "Supplementary Music Fund," and the proceeds of the entertainment will be used for this purpose. As this fund would insure the continuance of "The Great Composers" series of High School Recitals, High School pupils ought to assist in every way to make "Little Bo-Peep" a great success.

Get ready for the big Senior Lawn Fete.

Spring's Come!
READY?
ROE EMERSON
 Is with a Full Line of
Spring Suits and
Top Coats
IN CORRECT STYLES

CURRENT EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

During the month of March there were fewer incidents worthy of comment than there were during February. From the point of view of good citizenship the most important events were the convictions of persons guilty of corruption in the Postoffice Department. At no time since governments began has the world been free from dishonest officials, but as long as the people convict and punish such officials we have little to fear from their influence; it is only when dishonest officials go unpunished that there is danger of our losing our liberties. The most important conviction in connection with the postal frauds was that of Senator Burton of Kansas, who was found guilty of receiving a bribe from a "get rich quickly" concern to use his influence in preventing the postal authorities from forbidding it the use of the United States mail. Senator Burton's defense was that he was the official attorney of the firm and that all he received was his regular salary of five hundred dollars a month. The jury in convicting him, by that act, stated that it is not lawful for an officer of the United States to serve a corporation in any business interest that has dealing with the government, and that any fees or salary so received is practically a bribe. This is a common sense position for "no man can serve two masters." Senator Burton has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and fined twenty-five hundred dollars. He has appealed from the decision. The Senate has taken no action, but should the conviction be affirmed by the higher court or should he attempt to act as a Senator he would probably be expelled from the Senate.

From an economic point of view the most important event is the decision of the Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case. The Court upholds the contention of the Government that the merger of the railroads in the Northwest is contrary to the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and orders the dissolution of the Securities Company. This decision is important as it shows that the United States has the power to control monopolies engaged in interstate commerce.

Much comment, favorable or adverse, according to partisan bias, has been made upon the order of the Commissioner of Pensions that every survivor of the soldiers of the Civil War shall receive a pen-

sion upon reaching the age of sixty years. The law provides that soldiers who are wholly or in part unable to earn a living by physical means shall receive a pension. Commissioner Ware's order means that a person sixty years old is unable to earn a living by physical means.

There are two women who receive pensions from the United States because their husbands were soldiers in the Revolution.

There are rumors and counter rumors from the Far East, but so strict a censorship is maintained by both the Russians and the Japanese that very little reliable information reaches the newspapers. The operations so far have been to the advantage of the Japanese, but no important battles have been fought since the last issue of the Hetuck.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Friday afternoon, March twenty-fifth, an Athletic Association was formed by over one hundred pupils. Two committees were appointed, one to confer with the Y. M. C. A. for terms for the use of their athletic field and the other to draw up a constitution.

The following officers of the Association were elected:

Harry Pine—President.

Grove Montgomery—Vice President.

Ruth Allen—Secretary.

BANQUET.

A very enjoyable banquet was given Thursday evening, March twenty-fifth, at the Manhattan Hotel in honor of the Basket Ball team and Mr. Fitzgerald, who has left for Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Territory. Mr. Tait and each of the players of the team responded to Mr. Ebersole, the toastmaster. It was voted by those present to call a meeting on Friday afternoon, after school for the purpose of forming an Athletic Association. The banquet closed by drinking the health of Mr. Fitzgerald.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said a cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, and I can divide his mental powers; I can take interest from his work and discount his chances of success."—The Union Signal.

THE HETUCK

A Monthly Magazine Published by the High School,
Newark, Ohio.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES, - - - 50c PER YEAR

Entered at Newark, O., Postoffice as second class matter

All merchants wishing a change of ads. will please address Business Manager

American Tribune  Newark, Ohio

A new member has been added to the editorial staff. The Junior class have elected Miss Carrie Gleichauf for the position of reporter, left vacant by the withdrawal from school of Julian Long. The management is very well satisfied with the selection that the class has made, since the new member is quite a willing worker.

The Spring vacation is over, and what with the moving and housecleaning always attendant on this season of the year we feel sure that every one has enjoyed it. Now we are able to count the weeks until vacation on our fingers if we try very hard; then comes the delightful summer with its rest and its delightful outings.

"Idleness," says Jeremy Taylor, "is the greatest prodigality in the world; it throws away that which is invaluable in respect of its present use, and irre-

parable when it is past, being to be recovered by no power of art or nature."

How small is the portion of time allotted to each one and how quickly it speeds away. Does not the thought of our inability to delay or check the rapidity of its passing away awe one? Lord Chesterfield spoke thus to his son in reference to the value of time: "Every moment you now lose, is so much character and advantage lost; as on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully, is so much time wisely laid out, at prodigious interest." There is a Turkish proverb that the devil tempts the idle man, but the idle man tempts the devil. "I remember," says Hilliard, "a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men and adapting his bait to the tastes and temperaments of his prey; but the idlers were the easiest victims, for they swallowed even the naked hook."

Although the life of man is seventy years how little of it is his own. Deduct the hours that are required for eating, sleeping, dressing, exercise, etc., and how much time is left at his own disposal? One should learn to know the true value of time right early and then enjoy and make use of every moment of it.

"The moments we forego Eternity itself cannot retrieve."

Two little girls, aged eight and six years, were seated on a doorstep. The older asked the younger which she liked best, her father or her mother. The six-year-old studied for a while and then replied: "I like my fader best, 'cause he comes home wif sings mos' every night." She leaned back placidly, as though she had settled a momentous question.

"Well," replied the eight-year-old, "I like my mother best, and you ought to, too, 'cause I'll tell you why. You're only relation to your father by marriage, but you're relation to your mother by birth."

The important question having been fully decided, the two philosophers went to chasing butterflies.

New Spring Rain Coats, New Spring Hats and Caps, New Spring Top Coats

MITCHELL & MIRACLE

East Side Square

NEWARK, OHIO

ROUND TABLE

Those articles in the Drury Academe, written by the "Dru," are certainly original and interesting. And the story, "A Child's Offering," is beautifully written.

When to Geology we go,
A little prayer we utter low;
We say in accents soft but deep,
"Now, I lay me down to sleep."

—Blue and Gold.

The Blue and Gold of Findlay, Ohio, has a good Exchange Column, and is very interesting throughout.

The Raven of Dennison Texas, in its cover of appropriate black, impresses us on its first visit to us as a very well managed paper.

The Red and Black is complete in every way. Not a department lacking and everything is of the best.

Although you have lots of locals your short sketches and stories are lacking, Roaring Branch.

The Adelbert of December was strictly a fiction number, it seems, since there was no exchange column or local column. The stories were fine.

If one may draw conclusions from the apparent chief topics of interest to the Comet, of West Pittston, a rural telephone line must have been recently constructed in that region.

You ought to make your paper pay with such a large number of advertisements, Walnut Township School Herald, but you have no fiction whatever.

We had almost despaired of ever seeing a story

in "The Student" until we received the December number.

The idea of a column set apart to exchange clippings is one in use by the Comers which we might all adopt to good purpose.

According to the Chemawa American, their school is a great help in the advancement of the race of American Indians. The paper itself shows thought and interest.

I imagine the expression on the face of the Exchange Editor when she saw this item in "The Chat," "No Exchange column in The Hetuck," and realized that after all her careful notes on the various papers that her work was unrecognized when given this department head: "Round Table." Remember, after this, that "Round Table" means "Exchange Column" in our way of speaking.

The Anchor of January has some excellent stories and it is one of our most admired exchanges. The Railroad of February contains some very good thoughts.

The Reserve Weekly of Western Reserve is a welcome visitor, but we must utter again that same old cry, "Will you not print some stories?" Also there is no exchange column.

Hurrah for the Orange and Black of Paris, Illinois, a model High School paper!

We read the Trilobite of Lebanon, O., with pleasure, and it is the first time it has made its appearance on our library table.

LINEHAN BROS.

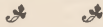
"SHOES THAT FIT
AND STAY FIT."

Dorothy Dodd

We are not so very much pleased with your cover, H. S. Sentinel, but that which we read within the cover is deserving of honorable mention.



We hardly think the exchange column of the "Scribbler" is lengthly enough to do a credit to such a generally well managed paper.



There are some sensible things said in the exchange column of "The H. S. Oracle."

A CASE OF SUSPENSION.

The Juniors gave a very pleasing little play on the evening of April 15th. The play took up the story of a spread, which some seminary girls were giving for some of the undergraduates of a nearby college. One of the professors discovers the little plan by which the boys were to be drawn up in a basket through the window. He conceals himself below and after two of the boys have been safely drawn up he gets into the basket. The young people find out who he is before the basket comes to the window and under penalty of remaining outside in the basket he promises never to tell of their escapade.

Later the students force him to partake of the spread and also another member of the faculty who catches them.

Jonas and the servant Kathleen furnished witty remarks for many a laugh.

The stage was very tastefully decorated. A part of the furnishings were given by Gleichauf's and a part by Powers-Miller.

In connection with the drama a very delightful musical program was rendered by Misses Grace Keenen, Jessie Sweeting and Elsie Hirshberg.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Dorothy	Mabel Glenn
Mildred	Bertha Fulton
Alice	Lillian Kammerer
Harold	Lawrence Beecher
Jack	Walter Broughton
Lou	Clarence Jones
Miss Ophelia Judkins	Katherine Vance
Professor Emillus Edgerton	Edward Kibler
Kathleen O'Brady (Celtic)	Marie Lyda
Jonas, the College "Man"	Lee Moore

COUNTY CONVENTION OF KING'S DAUGHTERS AND SONS.

The regular County Union Meeting of the King's Daughters and Sons was held on Friday evening, April 8th, in the First M. E. church, with representatives from five circles present.

At 7:30 the business meeting was opened by Miss Emma Lisey, county chairman. Mrs. Legge acted as secretary pro tem. in the absence of Miss Gertrude Carpenter.

After the opening hymn and a prayer by Mrs. Fulton the report of the secretary was read, followed by the roll call.

The principal business transacted was in connection with the Mission Sunday School to be established in North Newark by the King's Daughters and Sons. A committee consisting of Mrs. Wright, Miss May Lumley and Mrs. W. D. Fulton was appointed to secure a place for holding the Sunday School and to attend to the business concerning it.

Mrs. George Webb, Miss Helen Bowers, Mrs. McCahon, Mrs. Banton, Miss Henthorne, Miss Barker, Miss Mabel Whitecamp, Miss Nash, Miss Margaret Nichols and Miss Bessie McClure were appointed as a committee to canvass the North End for pupils.

Dr. Cosgrove gave a very interesting and encouraging talk on the happiness and blessings derived from helping others.

The various circles giving in reports were: Whatsoever Circle, Newark Miss Helen Bowers; Cup of Cold Water Circle, Granville, Mrs. Legge; Silent Circle, Newark, Mrs. McCahon; Bethel Circle, Alexandria, read by Mrs. Legge; Brightening Circle, Newark, Mrs. Fulton; Sunshine Circle, Newark, Miss MacDonald.

A beautiful solo was rendered by Mr. Benjamin Hoover.

Mrs. Ross Smith read the hymn composed by Miss Lumley for the Silent Circle.

Rev. Mr. Sparks concluded the meeting with a short earnest talk on the work of the order.

The seven circles of Licking County have a total membership of 175.

Mr. Wise—"Have you nothing to do, Martin?"

Martin—"I've got it done."

Mr. Austin—"Do it just like something else." Specific instructions.

WHERE AMBITION LEADS THE WAY.

John Gibson was a poor farmer who lived near the small village of Chester. His ambition was not greed for gold, but a good education for his children. He was the father of three children, John, who was working his way through college; Patsy, the only daughter, and Dick, the youngest, a reckless lad of fourteen.

Next to the few bare acres of the Gibson farm lay the many rich ones of "Old Farmer Darby," whose chief idol was gold. His only son Mark had attended the little red school house on the hill, and the old farmer was fully convinced that he had gained all the education necessary for farming, and with a few words put aside the question of Mark's attending college. Thus the first efforts to attain his great ambition were trampled on. No wonder Mark adored Patsy. Had he not lived beside her always, carried her dinner pail, misspelled words that she might pass ahead of him in class and been with her in the maddest pranks.

Patsy's two brothers were also very fond of her and never thought for a moment it unladylike for her to join in all their sports. This suited Patsy, who was full of life and scorned silly airs. And when John wrote home from college, "do not go out in the hot sun and spoil your complexion," she called him a dude and became more careless than ever.

For several years Mr. Gibson had been wondering how much longer he would be able to keep her with him, for he dreaded the separation even for the much valued education. At last the time came when he must give her up.

"Father," she asked one day, "may I not go to the mills that I may earn money enough to attend college? Mother has already said yes and all I need is your consent."

He offered to sell the farm that she might go as other girls, but this she refused and he at last gave his consent to her working in the mills.

She at once began work in the mill and boarded with an aunt in the village, only returning home once a week.

Her days were spent in hard toil and evenings in just as hard study. Daily the factory grew more hateful, but she thought of the end to be gained and worked with a stronger purpose. She did not know

her example was aiding John to keep more strictly to his books. And Dick, too, had become more steady.

With Mark it had been different. His father kept him hard at work and the hours were few which he could snatch to be with his loved books.

One Sunday when taking Patsy back to her aunt's, as he often did, he made an avowal of his love.

"Why, Mark," she said sorrowfully, "I never thought of you in that way."

He, rather hurt, replied, "You think me ignorant and stupid because others go away and I must remain at home. But some day it shall surprise you."

"I believe you," said Patsy, "but I can't give up my course as a student. Don't sulk, but come to me then."

At last she was in college, devoted to her books. Hardly giving a thought to any thing else. But one day she received a letter from Dick telling of Mr. Darby's death and that Mark had left. She thought she had heard the last of her old friend.

It was the last week in college. One of her girl friends, opening the door, asked, "Patsy, are you going to the lecture?"

"No, I think I will spend the time on my essay."

"Oh, do go. Prof. Darby is quite remarkable and every one is going."

"I think I will go," said she suddenly. "It will hardly do to miss our last treat." But in her heart she knew she was going for the memory of thoughts connected with the name.

The hall was crowded, and not until the president had introduced the speaker did she know her old friend and lover stood before her.

He did not seem to see her and at once charmed his audience by his mental acquirements and manly voice. When he closed the applause was prolonged, but Patsy sat motionless.

As for the professor he received his congratulations in an absent manner, seeming to see nothing before him but the bright face.

"Pardon me," he said to the president, "I recognize an old school mate."

He soon made his way to her and together they left the hall the envy of all eyes.

Of what they talked is not known, but it is

known that after Patsy had graduated they were married and went West, where Professor Darby was chosen president of a university.

THE COST OF A BOY.

It would be a good thing for all boys, and girls, too, to get some idea, in real figures, of what their parents do for them. P. B. Fisk gives a lecture on the cost of a boy. He computes that at the age of fifteen a good boy, receiving the advantages of city life, will cost, counting compound interest on the sum invested, not less than five thousand dollars. At twenty-one he will not cost any more unless he goes to college, when he will cost nearly twice as much. A bad boy costs about ten thousand dollars at twenty-one, providing he does not go to college. If he does go, he costs as much more.

Mr. Fisk thinks that girls are nearly as expensive as boys. The computation, however, comprises only the pecuniary cost of raising a boy. The value of a mother's tears and the father's gray hairs are beyond the reach of figures to express. The money side is far the lesser of the two.

And when a man has put ten or twenty thousand dollars into a boy, what has he a right to expect of him? What is fair? Is it fair for that boy to work himself to death, to run, jump, play ball, or do anything in such a way as would disable him or break him down? Is it fair for him to despise his father and neglect his mother? Is it fair for him to ruin himself with drink, defile himself with tobacco, or stain himself with sin? Some of us have put all our property into boys and girls; and if we lose them we shall be poor indeed; while if they do well we shall be repaid a hundredfold. Boys, what do you think about the matter?—New York Journal.

Mr. Wise—"You girls remind me of a chicken roost. When one begins to cackle all the rest have to join in."

CLASS DAY.

The Seniors will observe Class Day, but at this writing the programme has not been definitely decided.

Statue of Appeal—A. R.

BETA PHI PARTY.

The boys of Theta Chapter Beta Phi very delightfully entertained a few of their friends with a pedro party Tuesday, March 22, at their rooms in the Lansing block.

The rooms were very tastefully decorated, the main room being hung with a number of fine pictures, a trophy corner which contained quite an interesting collection of relics and around the walls was a border made of pennants.

Another room was made over into a cozy corner and was suitably decorated.

The prizes were awarded to Miss Lina Shaffer and George Herschberger. After a very enjoyable evening the party repaired to Kuster's, where the following menu was served:

	Oyster Cocktail	
	Chicken Consomme	
Radishes	Olives	Pickles
	Roast Turkey	
Baked Pickerel	Julienne Potatoes	
Cranberry Sauce	Creamed Potatoes	
	Beta Phi Punch	
	Sweet Bread Patties with Mushrooms	
	French Peas	
Shrimp Salad		Wafers
Ice Cream	Assorted Cakes	Fruit
	Cream Cheese	Bents
	Coffee	

Those present were: Mrs. O. C. Jones, Mrs. Latimer, Misses Bertha Latimer, Anna Davis, Lillian Miller, Bertha Fulton, Lina Shaffer, Ruth Allen, Mabel Moore, Florence Herschberger, Helen Jones, Margaret Nichols, Messrs. Clyde Doughty, Julian Speer, Julian Long, Lee Moore, Grover Hart, George Price, George Upson, George Herschberger, Otto Haines and Frank Hixson of Alexandria.

A solid is the space bounded by planes. Nothing in it. The geometry pupils think it is pretty dense.

It is too bad that some of the girls have not yet found out that Alice Fulton doesn't like "brown" anymore.

Miss Wotring (German)—"Why did she wear a handkerchief on her head?"

Alice F.—"Because she didn't want to go bare-headed."

TWO GIRLS AWHEEL.

One foggy morning late in August of a year not very far in the past, those residents of Ormion who had risen with the thrushes saw two young girls riding at a rather rapid rate down the quiet streets, merrily talking and laughing. The morning was fine for wheeling, and one easily concluded from their conversation that they were on pleasure bent. The taller of the two girls had dark eyes and hair, while the other had blue eyes and light hair.

They had already gone several miles of the long journey before them, and although many well-meaning friends had questioned the advisability of their taking such a queer pleasure trip, they had bravely left home, anticipating a fine wheel-ride.

Although the morning was somewhat misty, it had not the slightest tendency to dampen the exuberant spirits of the girls whom we now introduce as Olive Graywood, the dark haired girl, and May Redfern, the light haired girl. After going through Ormion, they had ridden a short distance when after a very brief silence, May exclaimed, "How foolish of everyone to say we should be sorry for this trip, and that something would frighten us before we were ten miles from home. Of course, if we should get frightened, I should never mention the fact, but — oh, what is that?" she gasped, as the sleepy head of a very dirty-looking tramp raised itself from the side of the road where he was lying. Both girls held their breath until they had passed "that dreadful man," who only rubbed his eyes sleepily and gave them a passing glance.

In a few minutes they reached a little village at the foot of a large hill, which they afterwards learned was a mile long, a fact that they might easily have guessed from the time and energy expended in walking its length, leading their wheels. As they rode along the narrow streets, the men came out of their homes with their dinner buckets, and the women came to the doors, showing them plainly by their actions that it was not an every day occurrence for girls to pass through their village on wheels so early in the day.

They had just been informed by a small boy that it was five miles to the next village when their attention was drawn to the heavens by a deafening thunderclap, and looking up they saw what they

had been oblivious of before, that a rain was coming up in the West. With the hope that it would pass over them, they hastened on and had gone perhaps a mile when another obstacle presented itself in the shape of a creek with a broken bridge across it. They carried their wheels on their shoulders and walked slowly across on a very shaky board.

Just as they were mounting their wheels the rain came down in torrents, and looking at one another in alarm they exclaimed at the same time, "Well, what shall we do now?" Then May added quickly, "Let's run back to that house in the hollow." Carrying their wheels again they recrossed the creek and ran back to the large brick house. A man coming across the road from a barn and carrying a bucket of milk, shouted, "Go up on the porch, gals, and I'll send the old woman to let you in. Bad day for that kind of horses, eh?" With this encouragement they ran up on the porch and son a rosy-cheeked girl came to the door and invited them in. She stepped gingerly aside while they placed their wheels in shelter from the storm now raging wildly without.

The girl, who presently introduced herself as Mary Palmer, piloted them into the front room, where they sat and talked of the weather until a bright idea struck Mary, and she said with evident eagerness, "Do either of you play the organ? If you'll play I'll open the organ, for no one has played on it since my cousin Eddie died five years ago. Two or three keys sound all the time and one pedal is loose, but I'd just love to hear you play." As she spoke she walked to the organ, and Olive, slyly making a wry face, got up slowly and with the air of a martyr followed her. She seated herself on the wriggling stool with some misgivings, but managed to get creditably through a popular two-step, at which Mary applauded vigorously, and said, "Why, that didn't sound so bad." And Olive, preferring to beguile the weary minutes with even that kind of music, sat still and laboriously played three or four more selections.

"Oh, will this horrid rain never cease?" sighed May, and for the twentieth time went to the door and viewed the heavens critically. She seemed to decide the case as hopeless for the present and she and Olive both reseated themselves. Conversation lagged until suddenly their hostess exclaimed, "My,

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it's a good thing you girls didn't wear your good hats for they would have been just ruined."

May and Olive looked blankly at one another and then May murmured, "Yes, indeed," while Olive nodded wisely, although all the time their eyes danced with amusement. And thereby hangs a tale. For protection from the morning dew the girls had covered their hats with thin veils, which had given them a decidedly bedraggled appearance after being caught in the rain shower. The facts in the case were that each had worn their best hat in the necessity of providing for small luggage on such a wheeling trip. So when they were informed of the shabby appearance of their headgear in such a delightfully frank manner, they were naturally somewhat amused. The tension of the critical moment, however, was lightened by the appearance of the "old woman" at last, with the information that it was clearing up in the West. Both girls rushed anxiously to the door and viewed the fast-moving clouds, the hills in the near distance, the muddy clay roads and the rapidly rising creek with mingled feelings.

Disgusted and disheartened they viewed the matter on all sides, vacillating between walking two miles to the railway station or waiting for better roads. Upon learning that there was just about time enough to make the eight o'clock train for Brunswick, a city of some pretensions, they decided to try walking to that station.

However, the skies had cleared somewhat, and occasional glimpses of the sun could be seen through the rifted clouds. The girls thanked their hostess for her kindness and were soon on their way. And now their troubles began in earnest, and that walk to the station will never be forgotten by either, I will venture to say. They had gone but a short distance when their bicycles became unmanageable, for they were fairly locked with mud. The wheels were covered, mud flew all over the girls' dresses, and their shoes were covered with that sticky clay mud.

[Continued in next issue.]

COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS.

After due deliberation the faculty have selected the speakers who shall represent the class on Commencement night. The following persons were chosen: Hattie Holman, Muriel Acton, Bright Hilliard, Elsie Davis, Clyde Irwin, Marshall Burke and Russell Legge.



Prof. Tait—(making a good hit in basket ball)—
That's what I call a foxy eye.

Some of the pupils have been wondering if Mr. Austin learned to make the letter E when he was a little fellow, for they seldom appear on their report cards.

First Freshman—Oh, excuse me, please.
Second Freshman—You are welcome.

Teacher—I don't believe I assigned any lesson, did I?

Pupil—Yes, sir.

Teacher—What was it?

Pupil—I don't remember.

A LOVE STORY.

Chapter I.

Maid One.

Chapter II.

Maid Wen.

Chapter III.

Made One.

—Selected.

Does Ben H. eat any dinner, or does that tooth pick serve the same purpose?

Wanted to know why some of the pupils in Room 8 are so absolutely silly—Mr. W.

Louis Weller, the Zanesville track sprinter, and Grove Montgomery, vice president of the N. H. S. Athletic Association, were granted a leave of absence from laboratory pleasures for a week.

Mr. Austin (from back of room)—“Lee Moore will

please turn around in his seat and not be looking back in this direction so much.” Is Mr. Austin becoming shy?

It is reported that Clyde Irwin carries sweet scented boquets in his coat pocket.

Pupil—(In Chemistry)—What is the formula for alcohol?

Prof. A.—Let me see, I believe it is $C_2 H_6 O$, I am not certain. I use it so little that I hardly remember.

Mr. Tait put such an article as this on the board one day during geography lesson: New Eng. without Me. is about the size of Scotland.

Miss Allen—A battle-ax is like a hatchet with a hatchet on the other side.

Pupil in geography:

Mr. Tait, will we have a test on Mexico and South America before we go to Europe?

Wanted to know where our rubbers are—Pupils of Room 5.

Mr. A.—For what is Chlorin used?

Clyde D.—It is used in dyeing.

Teacher—Name some other mining products.

Josephine—Wheat corn—

Mr. Wise in Gen. History:

“For their own enlighteningment.”

What does Fred B. mean when he says, “Ah, you rogue?”

We feel certain that Clyde Doughty would appreciate it very much if each subscriber of the Hetuck would kindly send him a pie. "Lemon preferred."

Latest songs:

"Up in the morning early"—Lulu Mae.

"Aint i a funny, funny man"—Grove M.

"I am leaning on the strong arm"—Norton S.

"The car that never returned"—Clyde Doughty.

"Waiting for my dreams to materialize"—Stanley

D.

"I'm an honor to the school"—Walter B.

"Stop that talking"—Mr. Tait.

"I was happy till I met you"—Lee M.

Mr. Tail—"The Cheviot Hills are noted for the quantity of wool that is grown on them."

Jennie C.—(translating German)—"Behind her at the door became a man visible."

Lillian K. (physics)—"Why don't you take the square root of 1?"

Cora C. (stopping before a song in Midsummer Night's Dream)—"Should I read this?"

Miss Moore—"You may sing it if you want to."

REMINISCENCE--RENAISSANCE.

Miss T.—Ethel, I am afraid they can't hear you in the rear of the room from the way they are making faces.

Some people cannot be accommodating enough to have their names rhyme, but George and Bertha can't escape notice anyway.

Return back—E. S.

How did Philip II. have the title of King, consort of England?

Why, he was the wife of the queen.

Ferdinand and Isabella were succeeded on the throne by a grandson.

Julian—"The grandson of which one."

Joan of Arc raised the siege of New Orleans.

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